

## Difficult to Love

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/43340979) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/43340979>.

### Rating:

Mature

### Archive Warning:

Graphic Depictions Of Violence

### Category:

Multi

### Fandom:

僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia

### Relationship:

Bakugou Katsuki/Kirishima Eijirou

### Character:

Bakugou Katsuki, Kirishima Eijirou, Ashido Mina, Sero Hanta, Kaminari Denki, Midoriya Izuku, Class 1A

### Additional Tags:

Bakugou Mitsuki's Bad Parenting, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Pack Dynamics, Pack Feels, Pack Neglect, infertile, Asexuality, Aromantic Bakugou, Badass Omega Bakugou, Post War [All the spoilers. Be warned], Brotherly Bakugou and Deku, Devastating Miscommunication, Abuse, unintended neglect, Asexuality is NOT known therefore consequences, Self-Hatred, Abusive Traditionalist Mindset, Toxic beliefs about Omegas and Bakugou burying them six feet under, Bakugou believing he's good at communication, Obvious flaws in that logic my dude, Trigger Warnings, Isolation, Loneliness, Inaccurate information about asexuality, Sex Repulsed Katsuki Bakugou, Aromantic Katsuki Bakugou

### Language:

English

### Stats:

Published: 2022-11-30 Updated: 2022-12-09 Words: 19,969  
Chapters: 5/21

# Difficult to Love

by [Windschild8178](#)

## Summary

Eijiro Kirishima breaks up with Katsuki Bakugou.

The War Pack reel from this development. It's earth shattering. There are three solid principles about their life; Deku cries a lot. Aizawa is their reluctant best dad. Kirishima and Bakugou are deeply in love.

So why did Katsuki reject the mating bite twice?

The rift that opens up among the group is as unexpected as it is devastating. Anger and hurt run rampant as Katsuki tries to keep his relationships while juggling hero work and a deepening well of medical appointments that seem to point towards one disturbing fact: Katsuki is a broken omega.

## Notes

Two Things:

First the Exciting News: There will be one piece of new writing EVERY DAY of December. Sometimes it will be this. Sometimes it will be one of my other pieces like Social Media:101 or a new piece all together that I didn't post because I felt too guilty without continuing Social Media First. There's also Stranger Things stories I've been playing around with so those will be a part of the December Post Fest too.

Second: This piece is PRIMARILY about Asexuality and being Sex Repulsed and what it was like BEFORE it was known.

As an Ace person myself I didn't learn about Asexuality until I was nearly 22. I was convinced for a long time that there was something medically or chemically wrong with me and everyone around me reinforced those thoughts with some pretty horrific thinking. It took another two years of heavily researching into it and finding very little information on it before the public domain [the internet] actually started talking about it openly. There's still a large part of the population who don't know anything about Asexuality.

The thoughts and emotions reflected in this piece reflect the period of before information became more public. It reflects a lot of the treatment I've experienced and some of the darker thoughts I've reflected on myself about what it means to be an 'other.' To feel like you're a broken human. That there is a key piece you're missing that EVERYONE around you seems to have.

Take care of yourself.

# Prologue: Breaking Things Off

Prologue: Breaking Things off.

Katsuki helped Kirishima pack his bags.

He tucked Kiri's shark into one of the clothes suitcases, careful not to let the old stuffed animal get too squished/damaged among the brightly colored collar shirts and odd patterned shorts all still attached to hangers. He wasn't going far.

The apartment complex was a pack apartment.

Class B had the first four floors.

Class A had the last four floors.

Two larger packs who were intermingling enough with lovers and mini-intimate circles that it had just been logical to go for one of the larger pack condos. The War pack, as some liked to call them.

Packmates who had bonded/mated because of shared trauma during their efforts of the war against All For One.

Supposedly.

Kirishima had been walking around their shared condo with tears not quite brimming over for hours now even though he was the one who'd initiated this. Katsuki silently started in on the others comic books, quietly taking them off the shelf from where they'd been sitting next to Katsuki's own collection of books, manga, and comics. He heard the red head sniffle and wipe his face a few times but hadn't gone to comfort him.

His omega scratched against his skin, growling and snarling and biting at him to march into the other room.

Katsuki closed the box of comics and taped it shut, putting it down on the dolly they'd borrowed. He pulled another cardboard box over to himself and started in on Kiri's collection of Crimson Riot merch. Kirishima was going to have to pry his Red Riot merch from Katsuki's cold dead fingers.

It was an easy pace.

There was no real rush. The early morning shined bright through their window and there was a quietness about the packing. Three apartments were empty at the end of the hall for potential new pack mates. All of their idiots had chosen apartments as close to his and Kiri's as possible and few wanted to board on the same floor as their boisterous crew.

Kirishima passed him with their inflatable mattress, insisting Katsuki keep the bed. Katsuki hadn't fought it, wanting the lingering smells for as long as possible while he was sure Kirishima had wanted the exact opposite.

The redheaded Pro Hero was packed up before noon hit and they'd moved everything within a brief thirty minutes that left them both staring at the finished work in the eerily empty new place.

It wouldn't last long though, he knew. Mina would take the lug head shopping for décor and kitchenware tonight. They'd talk shit about Katsuki and roll their eyes in irritation as they tried to figure out what contraptions some of the utensils were for. They'd probably do something ungodly to the place just for the healing process that they knew Katsuki would never allow like paint the walls tractor red. They'd hang those garish Crimson Riot lanterns up that Katsuki has told them three times can't be properly done because the ceiling can't support the sheer weight of the iron monstrosity because they have no support beams running through the living room, only the dining room, which is far too small for it without someone conking their head on it every time they pass through.

They'll try the living room first.

It will stay up for a little bit. Enough to give them a cocky feeling in their chests about Katsuki Bakugou being wrong. And then it will fall, taking a chunk of the ceiling with it. They'll try again in the dining room and it will only be after one of them gets a concussion for the third time that they'll take it down and put it in the corner, at a loss of what to do with it.

It will become a sore spot for Kirishima.

A mark of failure he'll be reminded of.

The same reason Katsuki had kept it in the closet in the first place because he knows Kiri and he knows his idiots.

"I guess this is it," Kiri whispers.

Katsuki's head shoots up, startled from where he was staring at that empty dining room corner. He presses his lips together and nods. Kirishima's face pinches in that look of hurt that's become so familiar as of late. The one that presses down on Katsuki like lead weights every time he comes home.

He hasn't said a word since last night.

When Kirishima had grabbed his wrist after dinner and had whispered his wants in broken words, shaking like a leaf. Katsuki had felt very small as he'd nodded and gently taken his wrist back.

"Okay."

He'd agreed. He'd agreed to the break up, to the moving out, that Kirishima wasn't trying to hurt anyone but how this 'just wasn't working anymore.' He'd quietly shut down as Kirishima had babbled on and on and on about all the things that had been wrong for so long never mentioning the biggest reason of all.

That Katsuki had rejected Kirishima's claim mark to make them mates three times. The last and final time on their anniversary of four years last month. That their entire relationship was Katsuki rejecting the alpha intimately over and over again.

"If you just wanted to be best friends then why didn't you tell me?" Had been the devastated words he'd uttered weeks ago, looking lost and unsure of himself.

The tension between them in the new apartment is thick as Katsuki swallows, intending to tell Kirishima that he hopes he finds someone good for him. There's advice on the tip of his tongue to not walk away from the stove and to check in with the others if he's feeling sad. Katsuki wants to say a lot.

His mouth clicks shut though and instead he finds himself nodding to Kirishima's words.

*'This is it.'*

He repeats in his own head. Clipped and firm. Before quietly slipping out the door and back to his apartment. The furniture Kirishima refused to take with him stares back at him from the living room. Even the reinforced, bright red couch Katsuki had picked out

specifically for the redhead.

He finds himself gravitating towards it, curling in on the soft fabric and staring at nothing for the rest of the afternoon. No tears fall. No sobbing commences. Katsuki feels an odd emptiness that it altogether alarming.

This is his fault.

Katsuki had done this.

These were the consequences of his own actions.

# Chapter 1: Outlier

## Chapter Summary

The Fall out of the breakup.

Katsuki loves his best friend. Probably more than anyone else in the world. He's willing to do romantic things with him if it's what Kirishima wants, but willing and wanting are two separate things. His frustration with his own bodies failings becomes hard to handle when he realizes its hurting Kirishima.

There are a few spots here that feel repetitive in this first chapter. I wanted to reinforce the concept that Katsuki has been obsessively trying to figure things out. That he's going over the same thoughts over and over again. But this is the only chapter where there's a few repetitive thoughts and phrases because its Katsuki trying to reassure himself or convince himself of something. AND Katsuki is having the same arguments with doctors over and over again. He's having to repeat himself and listen to the same feedback. Which is a very real experience.

\*Deep discussion of Sex Repulsion here.

## Chapter 1: Outlier

For obvious reasons, the pack is pissed at Katsuki.

He takes it in stride.

It's easy because they've been slowly showing their anger towards him for months now over his and Kirishima's relationship deteriorating. In small hints and comments here and there.

It started out with concerned questions.

"Hey, uh, I know your not really the talking big emotions type, but... you know you can come talk to us, right?" Hanta had asked him months and months ago. "Kiri says you've been... been a bit distant."

Back when he'd been debating letting Eijiro Kirishima make the claim



and claiming in return. How he'd have to come clean about being infertile. Coming clean about sex. About intimacy of any kind.

Before the third doctor but after the second had already been dismissed in his mind as a traditionalist quack.

It wasn't long before his pack mates questions started to turn harsher though. Less concerned and more agitated. More condemning.

"What are you doing, Blasty?" Mina whispered one night after patrol. "Do you want a relationship or not?"

"Of course, I do."

"Then act like it. You're breaking Ei's heart."

Katsuki cooked and cleaned and sparred and fought beside Kirishima. He built little snow man cookies during Christmas time with him in the kitchen, made fun of him for the lopsided smiles then took those for himself because they were fuckin' cute. Ginger snap, of course, the spices made them his favorites. Katsuki took Kiri out on dates to the best restaurants and on his favorite hiking trails.

He loved spending all of his time with the other. Loved the gym dates. Loved the movies they watched, loved the cheesy things that cheered Kiri up. Loved the soft blankets and pillows Kirishima piled up on their bed even if he had to tone down the garish color schemes to keep his eyes intact. Even if sleeping next to another person wasn't really Katsuki's cup of tea. Even if he preferred having his own bed and listening to another person so close wasn't really... it wasn't Katsuki's thing. The whole... holding onto one another at night. Left him feeling trapped more than anything. Awkward and uncomfortable.

Katsuki made due though.

He even forced himself to make out with Kiri. Forced himself to hold still rather than pull away when the other leaned in. Tried to reciprocate as much as he could. He wanted Kirishima to be around so why couldn't he get on fucking board with this too?

Every slope of the shoulders Kirishima shows and every uncertain look. Kiri's slow fall into depression had been marked by the angry upset, rolling emotions of their pack mates and best friends. Only amplified by Katsuki's own silence on the matter.

Kiri can't know though.

Katsuki refuses, fucking refuses, for him to know what would come with an actual claim. As devastating as it is... as soul sucking as it is to let Kiri walk through the door with a sad expression trying to put on a smile, Katsuki can't let him ever feel that bond between them. Because then Kiri would know.

Every intimate touch.

Every deep kiss.

Katsuki had been repulsed by it. He'd fought against gagging any time a kiss deepened even the smallest bit. Any intimate moves with hands sliding along his thigh making him want to flinch back and push Kirishima away. The mere act of going further than cuddling had Katsuki shrinking in on himself and the smell... the smell was fucking awful. The bodily fluids were gross; just fucking disgusting.

Katsuki had never even really had the desire to jerk off except maybe once a year? If that.

And if Kirishima had claimed him well...

At least this way Kiri doesn't know that Katsuki had forced himself every time they got intimate.

Every doctor he'd been to had frowned at him when he'd come in with his concerns. They'd questioned him if anyone in his past had 'hurt' Katsuki in an intimate way and when he'd been firm about having no experience before Kirishima their faces had become more confused. Words were thrown around making it sound as if Katsuki was just... 'inexperienced' or 'you'll come to love it.' Then there were the others. 'Not mature enough.' 'Repressed memories maybe.' 'Clearly damaged in some way.' 'You'll learn.' 'You'll see.' 'Late bloomer.'

But Katsuki had *tried*.

And every time he'd had to sneak off when Kiri was sleeping to throw himself in the shower and breathe through the shakes. The revulsion as he gagged and washed his mouth out... The later doctors had said that Katsuki was 'prudish' or had suggested that a female alpha would be better.

Which fuck that shit.

Katsuki had never loved anyone but Kiri and had come to love all of his inner intimate pack in their own deep way. Katsuki loved his pack. He wasn't a prude. Maybe. He wasn't really keen on seeing the others make out, but he was *fine* with them doing it. He wasn't a god damn prude even if *seeing* it was a little unpleasant to him. And Katsuki had never found anything attractive about anyone. And Kiri was... nice looking. He supposed. Aesthetically pleasing. More than that though it was his personality that made Katsuki want to hang out with him all the time though. Being around Kirishima made him happy. It made everything so much better.

Kiri was the only one for him.

Would be the only one for him ever.

But Katsuki was so clearly... not... good for Kiri.

"If you take the claim, you'll make your sex life unpleasant for your alpha," his last doctor had told him, staring down at the paperwork after Katsuki had tried once more to explain the issue.

"Isn't there some kind of... arousal medicine I can take?" Katsuki had asked. "Is there something I can take that would... fix this?"

"You're not lacking a chemical," the doctor had told him off handedly, almost dismissive. "To be frank, DynaMight, you're an outlier. You shouldn't be able to do any of the things you do"

Katsuki had growled, half standing from his chair in agitation.

"Because I'm an omega?" Katsuki had snarled, lip curled as he scoffed.

"You're not though, not really."

"The fuck do you mean? I *am* an omega."

That wasn't debatable.

All the medical files and results were *right there*.

The man had the fucking audacity to scoff.

"You're unnatural," the man told him. "It's no wonder your body is rejecting sex. You're not meant to exist. You *shouldn't* exist. It's good you're inferti..."

Katsuki swung.

His agencies press manager had been pissed at him that week for breaking a doctor's nose. No amount of arguing that it had been for Katsuki's mental health had been able to stop Jeanist from benching him for a full eight days. Absolute bullshit.

Doctors were hesitant to take him on after that.

And it always devolved into something along those kinds of lines. Starting with curiosity. Probing questions just a little too personal to be medically necessary. They were looking for him to not really be what was presented in some way. They all tried in some way or another.

To figure out if he was hiding the fact that he was really an Alpha.

Making him go through 'tests' to verify.

Then taking scans to see the markers, his organs, the shape of the glands in his neck. Every indicator came back omega. It was only then that they'd go further. Actually, test his hormones and chemical balance. Take his quirk into consideration.

Katsuki had spent hours in waiting rooms and days waiting for results and it all came back eventually as maintaining he was perfectly healthy. His hips were on the small side for an omega but... that was it.

"Perhaps you should see a therapist," one doctor told him. "If it's not an ailment of the body then it's probably of the mind; in your case, a mental illness."

Katsuki hadn't punched this one.

He's truly changed and learned his lesson.

One of the women's tires mysteriously ended up with a new nail in the wheel every single time she replaced it though. Coincidentally. It was an on-going issue... she really had the worst luck. Katsuki wasn't sure when he'd grow tired of going out of his way every few weeks, but the anger still hadn't dissipated, so probably not for a while yet.

It was in Yaoyorozu's district too and there was a tiny spark of anticipation as he waited for her to pick up the case file- as all unsolved cases ended up with the ever accepting women who couldn't say no. It would be hilarious to hear her mutter about it when the pack gathered.

Maybe the doctor had a point though...

Snidely as she'd said it.

Maybe they all had a point.

Maybe there was something unnatural about him.

Throwing himself into work seemed like a pretty obvious way to cope; a very Bakugou way to cope. Easy to fall into the pattern set forth before him. The thing people expected him to do after a breakup. The oh so Alpha thing to do.

Katsuki rubs at his glands, it does nothing to sooth the ache that's settled there. News articles and social media outlets were prone to assuming he was an Alpha. Katsuki didn't really care about that kind of stuff. As long as his pack knew and accepted him then what did he care what the public thought?

If they were too stupid to notice his short stature compared to his peers or that his hips were wider, then that was a they problem. If they failed to notice Katsuki's wider glands and never bothered to ask then he sure the fuck wasn't going to do the work for them.

He never accepted invitations to Alpha magazines and was never offered omega interviews so as far as Katsuki was concerned he was doing his part not to spread misinformation and had never lied once in his career about it.

He wasn't hiding shit.

No one ever asked the right questions.

And maybe Katsuki didn't want those questions asked. Maybe being reminded all the time he was an omega, that there was something chemically or mentally or whatever the fuck it is messed up about him is something he doesn't want to deal with. Maybe that's true too.

Katsuki takes the items that smell most strongly of his pack and shoves them all onto his bed to sooth the hurt. Eventually the smells will run out and he'll have to confront his pack mates but hopefully that will be in a week or so when the unintentional drama he's caused has become less stark in their hallways.

For now, he isolates and works his shifts.

It's easy to fall into what's expected of him.

With a flick of green lightning, Deku stops on Katsuki's patrol roof. Footsteps loud as he walks up to Katsuki and stands beside him, staring off into the distance.

"Want to talk about it?"

Katsuki shrugs, shoulders hunching. He sends a knowing look the other man's way, a smirk on his face.

"All our issues were intimate ones," Katsuki says casually, watching as Deku's face burns all the way to his ears at his words. The other sputters, swallowing with determination.

"Well, I could... if you want, I'm sure I could hel – "

Katsuki grins at him, finally letting the dweeb off the hook by shoving the other.

"Your kind of advice isn't what I need." Katsuki stares off into the distance pointedly, letting Deku collect himself before he mutters 'Virgin' under his breath. Deku almost falls off the roof as he teeters so hard, looking more like a kettle blowing than a person.

"I am not... that's irrelevant! Your..." the other starts to mutter darkly under his breath while still looking cherry red and Katsuki smirks at him. Making fun of Deku was still the high light of his day even so many years later. It was so easy to get the other going.

Deku catches sight of his face and shakes his head at him.

"Why do you do that?" Deku whined.

"It's fuckin' funny."

"It's purity culture," Deku says, gearing up for a lecture. Katsuki can practically hear the gears winding up to go full steam before Katsuki's waving him off.

"Relax shitty nerd," Katsuki cuts in. "I'm a virgin. Was just winding you up."

"...oh."

The quiet noise is a touch questioning, but he doesn't push.

He and Kirishima had been dating three years now. The longest relationship among the class if you ignored Tail and H intense flirting that never seems to actually go anywhere. It was definitely odd. Lots of red flags and all that. Katsuki's aware. All on Katsuki's end. Kirishima was ever patient. Wanting to go as slow as Katsuki needed or wanted.

But.

The issue wasn't the pace.

If it went beyond cuddling on the couch or sleeping with limbs entangled, then...

Katsuki hated it.

Every nerve in his body revolted against the intimate touches; like the sludge villain roving his body and pushing inward. Kirishima was beautiful. He was a powerful force to be reckoned with. He was Katsuki's knight in shining fucking armor.

He shouldn't feel like that with him.

Katsuki loved him.

Being with him.

Cuddling with him.

He loved every aspect of Kirishima.

Which was why he hadn't fought it when Kirishima started pushing about how Katsuki felt about *them*. It was why Katsuki had rejected Kirishima's claim three times.

Because the claim would mean the redhead would know Katsuki had been faking sexual interest for three years. That the tension Kirishima had thought had been eased with casual touches had still very much been there, but Katsuki had covered it up. He didn't want Kirishima knowing Katsuki had been forcing himself in their make out sessions or that there had been rolling disgust and a touch of anxiety the entire time.

Kirishima would be devastated.

Not just heartbroken but broken.

More than anything in the world, Katsuki had wanted to make Kirishima happy. He *loved* him. More than anything in this world, he *loved* Eijiro Kirishima.

But his body, his instincts, reacted to any sexual move like it was... like it was some kind of grotesque attack. As if... as if he were being raped. And he wasn't! He wanted to be intimate with Kirishima. He *wanted* to share that with him. He wanted the closeness. The love. The thing everyone else talked about with soft smiles and excited grins.

He fervently wanted that.

Its why despite having five or six doctors in the past three years tell him there were no issues. That it was all mental. That Katsuki was broken... that there was no solution that he could swallow or regimen he could perform that Katsuki still tried again and again to find a solution.

"Is there anything I *can* do to help?" Deku asked. "No one's asked your side in this..."

The pack had. A thousand times they'd asked in a million different kind ways. There were plenty of opportunities to present his case. Plenty of offers. Just Katsuki being obstinate, refusing to talk about his feelings.

Katsuki swallowed.

It looked really bad, didn't it? Katsuki hunched further into himself. Fiddling with his hands and his thoughts as he tried to find a way to explain it without Deku going on some rant about how Katsuki wasn't broken and blah, blah, blah. The same words Deku and the rest had thrown at Tsuyu when they found out she was infertile despite how desperately she'd wanted to have kids (tadpoles, she'd joked) at some point down the line.

Those kind of phrases didn't do anything to change the situation. Tsuyu still had to face her bodies inability just like Katsuki had to face his own brain's malfunction. He could hear Deku's questions loud and clear. It was the same ones that people had been asking since the first time he rejected Kirishima's claim.

*Why?*



"I was being selfish," Katsuki admitted. "I really wanted... want, Kirishima."

Deku gave him a lopsided smile, eyes looking at him equally bemused and confused.

"Isn't that kind of... the point?"

Katsuki looked away from Deku, pressing his lips together.

"I want something much deeper than a friendship," Katsuki tried again, "but with no sex or kissing or making out or... any of the intimate stuff. It's fucking awful." Katsuki tensed as he said the words. "I want some weird in between bullshit and that's... its not fucking fair to him."

Deku lost the bemused look, only the confusion sat, still swirling in a much thicker silence than before.

"Have you told him that?" Deku whispered.

Katsuki shrugged.

"He really *wants* that stuff, Deku. He wants all the romantic bullshit like holding hands and being... handsy and whispering... weird shit in my ear and... I can deal with that. That's *fine*." Even if the casual ass grabbing still made him stiffen from surprise every time. It wasn't uncomfortable just... very odd to him. Deku didn't need to know that though. Didn't need to know everything. "Kirishima would lie and say it was all good because he always puts others before himself and then we'd claim each other and we'd both know. It would sit there like this dark void between us and then it would turn to resentment.,mlka So what am I supposed to do? The things I want can be satisfied by pack bonding. I want my best friend all to myself. Deny him all the things that would make a good romantic relationship just because I want to go to sleep in the same bed as him? Just because I want to wake up next to him and spend all my extra time with him? I'm a fuckin' over glorified roommate."

Katsuki's voice broke at the end.

Deku threw his arm around his shoulder, giving Katsuki a half hug. He allowed it.

"I'm sure if you..."

“Deku.”

The other stopped, giving a short nod.

“Okay.”

“I know we love each other,” Katsuki confessed. That had never been in question. “But I’m not...”

“Romantically inclined?” Deku tried.

Katsuki was silent.

He actually enjoyed that shit. Going out to dinner together. All the mushy bullshit Kirishima pulled out of his ass. Anyone else and Katsuki would snub his nose at it and smirk at the idiocy of it all but...

“Physically,” Katsuki corrected quietly. “There’s something...”

He doesn’t finish the sentence but from the look on Deku’s face the other knows what he meant to say.

“There’s nothing *wrong* with you Kacchan.”

Katsuki snorts.

“You really should tell Kirishima,” Deku adds after a moment of heavy silence. “I bet that stuff isn’t nearly as important as being with you would mean to him. It’s not right to take the option from him. He’s really confused right now... why you refused to claim each other. He thinks the world of you. He thinks he did something wrong.”

Katsuki hugs himself.

“I know.”

‘*Why?*’ Kirishima had demanded, looking heart broken.

They’d been snuggled on the couch, watching a movie and the redhead had dipped his head into Katsuki’s neck, lips against his glands when he’d asked. Katsuki had stilled, tension lining every inch of his body as he stared ahead rather than answering Kirishima out right.

*‘I’m not... ready yet.’*

The pain that had accompanied those words lining Kirishima's entire body had been more painful than All For One's black threads ripping through his shoulder blade and stomach. It had left him reeling, the realization that Katsuki was *hurting* Kirishima with this.

But...

Claiming was permanent. Only death could undo the bond. Kirishima would always know when Katsuki was grossed out or trying to hide his discomfort. And that would hurt him *every time*.

And Kirishima... Katsuki would know all of Kirishima's needs and emotions too. By refusing to allow the claim, he was denying Kirishima the extra support that would come with it. He didn't deserve that.

To have a mate who rejected you at every turn through the bond would damage Kirishima's already crippling self-doubt.

Or to have a unbonded partner who couldn't support him properly and who had Kirishima questioning what he was doing wrong no matter how adamant Katsuki was that there was nothing *Kiri* was doing wrong.

"Kirishima deserves more," Katsuki muttered.

He heard more than saw the angry turn as Deku left his side to pace aggressively back and forth, over the roof. He looked like he wanted to yell at Katsuki, green lightning sparking along his skin.

Katsuki let him.

"Why are you so stubborn?" Deku finally threw at him.

"Because this isn't...!" Katsuki took a deep breath. "You and Round cheeks and Iida... what if every time you went to kiss them they shuddered and were... were fucking grossed out by you. How would that make you *feel*?"

Deku was silent. Lips pressed thin.

"How would Glasses feel if you mentally flinched from him every time he caressed your neck?" Katsuki pressed harder. "Tell me, Deku! Tell me how you would feel if either of them felt uncomfortable when you moved in close to scent them?"

The other male curled in a little on himself, staring at the roof under their feet with an angry grimace.

“You think Kirishima deserves a lifetime of that?” Katsuki pushed.

The heavy silence was palpable. When Deku finally turned back to face him there were tears in his eyes.

“So, the alternative is you being alone?” Deku whispered. “How is that any better?”

“It’s not about what’s better or fair. Life doesn’t owe either of us shit, Deku. I want Kirishima to at least have a chance though, you know?”

“Claim marks can always be more than just one,” Deku reminds him gently.

“Twice as many people to disappoint,” Katsuki muttered. “Besides, I have the pack. They might be mad at me, but they won’t abandon me.”

It’s as the scent of electronics and linen fades that Katsuki begrudgingly moxies on over to Denki’s place down the hall ‘cause he knows the other is in. He knocks with his knuckles three times and moves back to lean against the adjacent hall in what he hopes is causal even though his nerves are fried.

The door opens with a yank and Katsuki is face to face with his pack mate, Denki is short for a Beta, but still a few inches taller than Katsuki, something the other lorded over him their senior year of school. He’d taken it with all the grace of an armed bomb already disengaged from its fighter jet.

Denki stares down at him with furrowed brows and a grim look sketched on his face.

Katsuki doesn’t budge or flinch under the gaze even though his omega whimpers inside. The already hurt beast yearns for affection and love after a week of isolation and Katsuki knows with one look that its certainly not coming from the Beta who still looks hacked off at him.

Hackles are almost raised but not quite and Katsuki finds himself, not just his omega, alarmed by this.

“What?”

Inwardly he falters, but on the outside, he holds the bright blue blanket up. He'd been hoping to come inside with the other. Maybe make breakfast for Denki, hang out with him on his day off. He'll take a replacement blanket though and go on his way. Lick his mental wounds and look towards one of the others. Denki takes the blanket and dumps it behind him without a care, sending him a short glare. Katsuki straightens under the look and takes an uncertain step forward to put his hand on the others shoulder or...

The door is slammed in his face.

He stops dead in his tracks.

His omega is slinking down now. He takes a deep breath and then another, falls back against the wall as he waits for Denki to open up the door and give him a replacement. His hands shake and he hugs himself.

That's... its dangerous to do something like that to an omega. Denki knows that. He feels himself trembling as he waits one minute then two and then three. As he stares at the crack at the bottom of the door he has the startling realization that Denki *isn't* coming to the door.

Denki isn't going to replace his pack mate marker.

Rejection blossoms and the slinking his omega is doing turns into howling against his brain in writhing pain. Denki had done that on purpose. He was doing this on purpose.

Katsuki feels his arms fall limp as he curls in on himself.

Hanta and Mina aren't here and for the first time he finds himself questioning his place in the pack. Are they... is he being forced out? Katsuki loves Kiri. He loves his ex-mate. He hadn't rejected his pack mate, only the claim of mate. Katsuki hadn't... He would never do that to Kiri.

He swallows hard as he tries to keep the bile down.

He stumbles back to his place and slinks through the door as he tries to re-orientate himself and fails miserably. He clutches at his chest

and focuses on breathing.

This was why people thought Omegas were weak.

Because their health was tied so intimately to their pack.

Katsuki had figured as long as his pack mates were healthy there would never be an issue. Maybe before he'd met them, he'd considered going rogue. Living the dangerous, but safer at the same time, line of a packless omega. Packless omega's were never as healthy as an omega with an intimate or family pack, but they had the benefit of never fearing sub drop. The devastation of loneliness could still technically kill an omega, but if they had strong enough attachments to some form of a family pack they could make it.

It had never crossed his mind, even once, that his pack would reject him outright though. Accidental neglect? Sure. They weren't the smartest. But never the malicious rejection Denki had just submitted him to.

He breathes through his nose and tries to still his rapidly beating heart.

The lack of a marker for him leaves his hands clutching at air. The other markers are just as useless right now. He'd waited until the last minute and now... Katsuki crawls over to Kiri's chair and curls up in it, feeling a sense of déjà vu for the first moments after the break up all over again, but this time the chair is fainter with Kiri's smell. He hasn't sat in it since the day before he moved.

He's not sub-dropping.

Not over a single door closed harshly in his face or the denying of a single marker.

He's not.

His omega is just hurt.

This is recoverable. It's fine.

Hanta isn't as harsh as Denki. He takes back his large penguin Kiri won for him at the last fair with gentle hands. Grabs a pillow off the shared couch in his living room and shoves it against Katsuki chest.

“Get out of here,” Hanta mutters with all the anger he can muster.

Katsuki does, gripping the pillow against his thrumming chest as he slinks back to his own apartment like a kicked dog. It doesn't really smell like Hanta. It's a bit of a mix of Mina and Kiri with a touch of Hanta thrown in. It hasn't been scented at all, but Katsuki's too grateful to complain about that.

He breathes in the comfort of the pillow and finds himself curling in on Kiri's couch again trying to quell the hurt omega into a semblance of balance. He decides against going to Mina. If she does the same, Katsuki will absolutely sub-drop. As it stands, he's struggling not to let his omega fall that deep.

So he breathes in the scent of his pack and tries to gather his wits about him even as his phone rings, Todoroki's name running along the screen to tell him that he's already definitely late for work.

He takes in a shaky breath and calls the agency he's supposed to be working with today. It's supposed to be a patrol of the border between Jeanist and Endeavor's territories. The clock tells him he should be at the point in their patrol where he meets up with Icyhot at a safety check point.

Nireko answers.

The man is as uptight as his Jeans. A little too into Jeanist's protocols and resentful of Katsuki becoming close to the man's mentor.

“DynaMight,” the man says his name with distaste, always, a touch of begrudging respect underneath though. “It's unusual for you to be late.”

“Woke up feelin' awful,” Katsuki tells the man. “Don't think I'm making it in.”

He hears papers ruffle and a sigh on the other line.

“Jeanist said to be on the look out for any... alarming behavior for the next few weeks,” Nireko says evenly. “He told me to force you to take time off if I sniffed out even a hint of unsteadiness in you so I suppose I should have planned for replacements, but I'll admit, I just didn't expect you of all people to need time because of a breakup.”

Katsuki flinches against his phone.

“Me neither,” Katsuki mutters, hoping he doesn’t sound as freakin’ miserable as he feels. “It’s just for today. I’ll be back tomorrow.”

“You won’t,” the man answers primly. “Mandatory three days for you at any hint of needing it. Jeanist’s orders.”

Fucking bullshit...

He hangs up; an image of prissy Nireko’s face looking insulted on the other side and that gives him a little tiny spark of vindication for that shit conversation. Jeanist... that motherfucker.

Katsuki buries his face in the pillow, steadying himself. He knew he should have made Mirko his primary, but the women had said Jeanist would be more organized for a rookie. As much as Katsuki had despised the woman’s playful teasing, he’d been forced to admit Mirko wasn’t the... best at keeping her paperwork and patrols in order and if Katsuki went to work with her, he’d end up spending a hell of a lot of time making sure all that shit was in order because he might be a front line fighter, but he also kept his shit tight and up to date. The wild woman was less concerned about that shit.

She didn’t get that neglecting things like that made work for police to follow up harder with criminals and court systems. That not sticking to the correct patrol meant that holes formed and people were missed.

He’d end up babysitting her rather than focusing on the rebuilding efforts and creating safety nets.

“I have a large support crew that handles that for me,” she’d told him. “They all develop grew hairs and end up quitting on me sooner rather than later. Good thing there’s so many newbies I can take advantage popping up every day.” She’d smirked at him and then handed him back his paperwork. “You’re not one of those newbies though. Rookie, yeah, but your not a newb. You’re too vital to keep off the streets.”

She wouldn’t bench him for one sick day though.

Everyone had heard what happened at the beginning of the week despite Katsuki’s intentions to keep it quiet.

No one else had saw fit to. Relationships were two ways and even if it sucks for him, Kiri deserved to be able to talk about it. It’s still awful though.

Katsuki still works for Mirko though.



He hops between Jeanist and Mirko in the same way Deku moves between LeMillion and Todoroki's agencies. They'd considered opening up their own Agency, but they covered more ground this way and were able to help more by dividing their attention across the four largest districts in Japan.

Despite almost always taking on missions apart, many still called them the wonder duo. The War Brothers of the War Pack. Their silent affirmation with All Might had spread during the war. Save to Win and Win to Save.

DynaMight and Deku.

It fit.

He wants to call Deku now. He *needs* a stronger marker and there's only two people Katsuki can ask at this point for one who he knows would never deny him. Deku or Kiri. Kiri isn't an option. He doesn't want to open that wound for the Alpha by knocking on his door so soon to demand his scent.

Kirishima has always called Katsuki's need for markers *adorable*. Katsuki's never really known how to react to that. He resents the need of other people's scents to feel whole. He hates how Kiri and Deku and Mina can survive through a heart break without their health being put on the line. He hates that they can travel abroad without the threat of sub-drop neglect always lingering if they go more than a few weeks. He hates that they don't *need* markers to function well.

His biology is co-dependent on others and that sucks ass.

The Alpha's get a pleasant endorphin rush from the scents of their packs, but they don't necessarily need it. It just makes them happier. Same for Betas. The only thing Alpha's needed to survive was a pack. They didn't do well as rogues. Beta's could survive easily as loners, they were best suited for it biological wise.

His finger hovers over the call button.

Deku would come running.

But Deku would urge him to talk to Kirishima again. Try to work it out. Katsuki hugs the pillow to him, the familiar scent of oils from Kiri mingling with the powder Mina keeps on her hands as she works on back flips and gymnastics to stay limber. They'd gone to the gym before setting up on Hanta's couch. The tall Beta's more herbal scent

of lavender barely detectable under the musk of the other two.

There's been many times he desperately wished he wasn't omega. Over the years he'd come to terms with it. Even taken pride in the fact that he was good at watching after his pack. That he didn't need to worry about his weaknesses because his pack would make sure those didn't matter.

Feeling inexplicably exhausted, Katsuki falls asleep curled up on the couch.

His latest doctor was more subtle about it.

Kinder smiles with words that were sharp with implications. Katsuki usually hated when he encountered anyone who was not to the point, blunt. It was easier to ignore though and he was tired of changing doctors every time they said some fucked up shit so...

"Here."

Katsuki takes the card handed to him, glancing at the glossy words across the front. It was a card for an Omega clinic. They specialized in omega biology care. There were several around each city; same with Alpha and Beta.

"This one is better suited to your... circumstances." Doctor Amish told him. "They might be able to help with your sexual difficulties."

Katsuki scoffed in disbelief.

If a doctor couldn't help him, then an Omega clinic certainly couldn't. The only one he'd ever walked into had such a traditional mindset that they'd fucking asked him where his Alpha was. Like he was some fucking property or some shit. He'd walked right back out the door and had found the vitamins he needed from a standard Walgreens.

He shoved the card in his pocket anyways, the voice of Deku reminding him that he should leave his options as open as possible. Keep an open mind.

Sexual difficulties.

Katsuki reacted to sex like... like he'd been hurt by it. Which was weird because he's never gone beyond heavily making out. The

touching and... everything...

Kirishima had asked him once if he'd been... if he'd been raped.

That had been an awful conversation.

He'd insisted he hadn't. Over and over again. But Kirishima still had that brittle smile in place like he didn't believe Katsuki. Treated Katsuki like glass as if he'd break at the smallest of touches. He kept himself at a distance from Katsuki. A wounded sort of air hanging about him every time Katsuki flinched away from something even mildly sexual.

"It's not important," Kirishima lied. "I don't need it."

Kiri loved wrapping his arms around Katsuki's waist, squeezing Katsuki's thigh. Loved picking him up and pinning him to walls in a deep kiss that Katsuki had to fight to be able to handle. Kiri loved tracing his hands down Katsuki's chest and going down further.

But he stopped the moment Katsuki let the discomfort show. Stopped the moment Katsuki tensed. Stopped the moment Katsuki's shoulder's curled even the smallest bit into themselves in avoidance.

And then later on, he'd ask again in that soft, sort of sad voice of his.

"I want to help, Kats. Please be honest with me!"

Katsuki HAD been honest.

He hated the sliminess of a tongue. Despised the invasive feeling of a limb moving to his private parts. He didn't like the sensations or motions of making out. He felt repulsed at the sight of boobs and dicks and everything in between. He didn't experience the weird 'urges' his friends spoke about so casually.

Fuck, Katsuki hadn't even felt the need to jerk off more than twice in his whole god damn life. The idea of even touching his own dick was just... sheer inconvenience and annoyance when it was needed.

He was fine with his body.

He didn't suffer dysmorphia or anything.

And he didn't give a shit if anyone else was making out in the room. He found his eyes sliding away and the noises grossed him out, but that was his business, and he wasn't planning on fucking up anyone

else's day because they mildly made him uncomfortable. He wasn't a fucking prude.

He was just... weirdly broken.

Not even in an understandably traumatized way that made fucking sense.

He just... lacked entirely any interest at all in it.

The one time someone suggested he give Kiri a blow job for his birthday even the imagery had him vomiting his guts out. The idea of touching junk down there... the disgusting extra skin and its gross smells.

He shuddered.

But how was he supposed to tell Kirishima that?!

*'No one's hurt me. I'm just not human, apparently, I'm secretly a robot. Only the secrets been kept from me too. No hard feelings.'*

It's all so fucked.

The card in his pocket burns. A silent reminder that maybe they had something Katsuki had never thought to explore before. Like those clinics that helped infertile people find a way to still have a kid.

Slim as it might be...

Maybe he could be the mate Kiri needed instead of always being the one who needed Kirishima. Be someone that didn't leave his mate looking so depressed and sad and hurt all the fuckin' time. Be someone who was... even mildly okay with intimacy. Katsuki wasn't aiming for full on even, if he could even be *mildly* okay with the touches, he could live the rest of his life dealing with that.

But he never wanted Kirishima to know that he felt repulsion at his touch.

Never.

# Chapter 2: Sub-Drop

## Chapter Summary

Katsuki sub-drops and ends up high on a nurse's calming quirk.

Plus some back story

## Chapter 2: Sub-Drop

Mina doesn't show up to their bi-weekly smoothies. Katsuki stands, awkwardly waiting for her for twenty minutes before he realizes that she isn't going to come. He checks his phone anyways for a text. He isn't surprised to find nothing there. It doesn't stop his heart from twisting.

Katsuki shivers, unreasonably cold for a day in August.

He thought they'd be angry with him, but overall they'd be there for both him and Kirishima. It hadn't occurred to Katsuki that they'd do this. He doesn't understand. None of them had even... they hadn't even talked to him about it.

He calls Miruko.

He spends the next twenty-four hours raiding black markets on the east coast of Japan. Its steady work that after a few hours makes his arms start to tremble from exertion. His crew stares in awe as he works meticulously through the hoard of criminals and Villains.

It does nothing to get rid of the cold that's settled in his bones though and Katsuki knows he's slowly slipping into a sub-drop. He finishes their job, the last black market dealer being shoved in the back of a police vehicle just as his hands begin to tremble uncontrollably.

Katsuki pulls out his phone.

### **Omega Center Near Me.**

It's easy enough to find. A few more minutes and he finds one designed specifically for Pro-Heroes with hard to control quirks. He narrows it down further with centers on Yaoyorozu's pre-approved list for safety and ethics.

He sends Miruko a two fingered salute and a promise to do all the paperwork when he gets back in a few days. She waves him off, barely paying attention as she speaks with the police, grimace on her face and mechanically enhanced arms folded across her chest in impatience.

He smiles fondly at the sight.

She was the only known Rogue Alpha. He hella respected her. Working with the woman never ceased to make his own insecurities feel insignificant and silly and it worked wonders in allowing him to let a lot of shit go rather than holding on tight to it.

Katsuki lands at the clinic with barely a sound. The artificial light of the streetlamps shines too bright which means his eyes are probably already dilated. He takes several deep breaths in as he walks through the door.

The stares are intense.

Of course, there's stares, but no one says a word as he walks up to the countertop and begins filling out the paperwork of why he's here. He's proud to say that despite his vision going in and out and the icy feeling making his limbs feel like Jell-O, he keeps his shit together. It's not until he takes the paperwork back that a nurse tentatively walks up to him and takes it.

"DynaMight," the nurse says gently. "Are you... are you in the right place? There's an Alpha clinic just..."

Katsuki cuts her off.

"I'm going into sub-drop," Katsuki tells her, leaving no room for discussion.

The tension goes from zero to a thousand in less than a second as the woman loses all color from her face. The woman doesn't question him for a moment and he'll have to thank her for her lack of hesitation later. He hears her scream for assistance even as his eyes roll into the back of his head. The last thing he remembers feeling is his knees clinking against the ground as his knee pads hit tile and foreign arms wrapping around his waist.

These people move fast.

Momo knows her shit.

Katsuki wakes up to the most picture-perfect omega he's ever encountered in his life sitting at the end of his bed. She has an aura of calm around her and a warmth that seems to practically bleed into the room. She's curvy in all the right places and soft in a maternal way. Honestly, she looks fucking huggable and it would be the best damn hug on the face of the fuckin' planet.

The complete opposite of Katsuki and he knows that from five seconds of blinking through the death grip fatigue has on him as he winces his way into a semi sitting position. It appears, for all intents and purposes, that they picked their best to handle their... well, their worst.

"Please don't strain yourself dear. If you're more comfortable laying down then that's perfectly all right."

Katsuki ignores her and wrenches himself into a sitting position.

Even the sigh the woman makes sounds fond and amused rather than exasperated.

Katsuki kinda wants to punch her.

"Normally when a Pro-Hero comes into our clinic, we call their pack, but considering the circumstances, I wanted to wait until you woke up to have a discussion," her words bob in and out like bait on the end of a wire as he tries to make sense of them.

"No talking," Katsuki groans. "Just..." And here's where he realizes his words are slurring a bit. "Just keep me here until I can stand."

She tuts at him, again in that fond teasing manner.

"You know very well a sub-drop requires a psyche eval before I can let you go, Mr. number two hero."

He hums non-committedly.

"Sub-drops can kill you," she intones, more seriously. "Which you also know. I'm glad you made your way here, but you should have checked yourself in at the first sign, not the seventh."

It's the gentlest scolding he's ever gotten in his life.

He holds up his hands.

“I needed to make sure I burned off all my nitroglycerin so I wouldn’t endanger the people in the clinic,” he tells her, giving her a smirk. “Unless you want me to have taken out an entire building if I went into a panic at any point.”

The words are steadying, but the edges still slur a bit.

The woman has the audacity to poke his nose.

“That’s a very good excuse, but you are far too intelligent to cut it that close and we both know it.”

Katsuki hums again.

“Am I on the good stuff?” He asks. Because the floaty feeling is very familiar but not in a ha, ha, kind of way, more in a ‘boo, I’ve been stabbed’ kind of way and can’t remember the details.

She chuckles.

It’s got a chime like quality to it.

“Do you want to tell me what led up to this?” The woman coaxes. The chill still lingers in his body and Katsuki finds himself folding his arms to warm him even though the blanket is heated and hot water tubes lie on either side of him trying to regulate his intense, natural body heat to its regular levels.

“Not really,” he whispers into his arms.

“It doesn’t feel good to talk about,” the woman said easily, agreeing with him. “I know you love being a hero and I would hate to speak with your agency to put you on medical leave, so how about we work together, yeah?”

“I don’t need medical leave,” Katsuki tells her, firmly. He reassesses himself before frowning. “Maybe a few days.” He admits, his mouth feels like its full of peanut butter and his head is swimming in the sea currently. “Three days tops.” Katsuki tries to hold the fingers up but they wobble, arm feeling too heavy so he lets it drop. “*Maybe* three and a half.”

“If you cooperate with me, I can have you back on your feet in six,” she compromised. “Best offer I can give you though.”



Katsuki hums.

“What do you need from me?” Katsuki demands.

“Tell me why you sub-dropped,” the doctor coaxes again. “How long were you on that mission?”

“Twenty-four hours,” Katsuki says honestly. “Is not time neglect.” Katsuki crosses his fingers over his heart in that corny way Deku does a lot. “Promise.”

He’s definitely fucking high on something.

“What is it then?”

“You’re pushy,” Katsuki tells her. “I don’t like it.”

“You don’t have to tell me, DynaMight, you can keep it to yourself. That’s your right. But what you say or in this case don’t say, affects my recommendations on whether you return to work or not and whether you’re a danger to yourself.”

“Mm not suicidal. Came here, didn’t I?”

There’s an ominous click of a pen.

Katsuki lips thin as he presses them together.

“It was just a messy break up,” Katsuki confesses. “My mate is really hurting right now and my pack mates are all trying to comfort him and not be pissed at me and their failing.”

“You still call him your mate?” she questioned. “Even though you broke up.”

“I love him,” Katsuki shrugged. “It will take a minute to stop.”

“So, he’s the one whose hurting but he broke up with you?” she asked.

“Don’t know if you pay attention to the news,” Katsuki stage whispered. “But I’m kind of an asshole.”

Her chuckle was deeper this time.

“And you? How are you handling all of this...?”

Outside of the obvious went unsaid.

“Working. Distracting myself until it doesn’t hurt so bad. Pretending like everything is peachy and filling my brain with arrest reports and patrol paperwork. All that jazz,” Katsuki waved his hands in front of him. “Not healthy coping mechanisms but it’s the one most people go for. I’m just more prone to weakness.”

Silence stretches between them.

“Because you’re an omega, you mean?” She whispered.

Katsuki shrugged.

“Wouldn’t exactly call it a strength.”

He tries not to sneer as he says the words, but the bitterness shines through. For the first time the woman gets a pinched look on her face.

“Does your pack know you’re an omega?” She demanded, voice sharper than before.

Katsuki shrugged again.

“Of course, they do, I’m not ashamed,” his voice cracked over the word. “...but I think they forget a lot, for obvious reasons.”

There was a reason the general public assumed DynaMight was an Alpha.

“Does that bother you? That they forget?”

Katsuki lifted his head from his arms to stare at the woman.

“Only when I need them,” he whispered.

Katsuki completed his reports drugged to high heaven from the remote location of the clinic. When Mirko called to question him about his... less than stellar summary of events, the Queen Omega, as Katsuki had started calling his clinic doctor, took over the call.

“I’m afraid he’s been admitted to a hospital near your last drop zone,” the serene tone of Queen spoke into the phone. He could hear Mirko ranting on the other end, talking about how Katsuki hadn’t told her he

was hurt and yadda, yadda, yadda. Katsuki made miming gestures at the phone, which turned out to be his downfall because Queen betrayed him by taking a snap shot and sending it to his boss.

The dark muttering on the other end promised a not great welcome back, but honestly this shit was really good. Like, whatever the fuck they had him on was the serious stuff. Katsuki slept like the dead and answered all of Queen's questions to the point where he suspected it wasn't all medicine and he might be doped up on someone's quirk.

He was a little too out of it to give a damn though and she seemed nice enough.

"You're not going to secretly use all this stuff against me, are you?" he questioned her on the second day of his stay, side eyeing her with distrust.

"Only in the best possibly way dear."

Kirishima called him at the end of the second day and it was only when he made grabby motions at his phone that Queen relented, though reluctant to give it to him.

"Kiri!" He chirped.

The dead silence on the other end was kind of scary. In the last week, he quietly passed by the other in the halls to their perspective patrol routes, but they hadn't really spoken until this moment.

"Katsuki?" Kirishima whispered, voice sounding choked. "Are you okay? Mirko told us that you ended up in a hospital. Do you need me to come get you?"

"Nope." He popped the p as his head hit the pillow again. That cold feeling that had been wracking him for days lessened the smallest bit. The heaviness of his body lightening just from hearing Kirishima's voice. Everything hurt still, but in the vague way that pain meds made into a dull throb instead of a roaring one.

"They won't let me leave," Katsuki confessed. And looking around the room, at the omega clinic. At all the evidence that Katsuki had failed to be what Kirishima needed from him... "And I don't want you here," he added gently. "I want you to take care of yourself, okay? You need... stuff, right now and I don't have stuff to give so you need to stay where the stuff is."

Kirishima laughed through a sob.

“Kats, are you trying to tell me to stay with our pack for comfort? That was awful man. You’re terrible.”

“And high.”

There was another wet, choked sob.

“Let me talk to the doctor, Kat.”

“But I want to talk to you.”

“It’s important.”

He reluctantly gave the phone back to the Queen. She smiled gently at him.

The talk was short. Queen didn’t betray him in this, stating that Katsuki wasn’t in a fit state to travel and that while the injury was serious, she wasn’t at liberty to discuss it with anyone who wasn’t related to Katsuki by blood.

Katsuki snorted at the thought.

Blood.

Fuckin’ blood.

Yeah right.

He giggled as he thought of what his mother’s face would look like if she could see him now. What a fucking joke.

Katsuki never told Kirishima why he doesn’t speak to his parents.

All he knows is that the decision was mutual and that there would be no discussing it, much to Kiri’s chagrin who couldn’t imagine not ever talking to his moms again. Katsuki just brushes the pointed questions off and pretends like it doesn’t bother him.

Glands appeared on the necks of teenagers sometime around their sixteenth or seventieth birthday. Katsuki’s had started to show the summer of the infamous camp kidnapping fiasco. It had been because

of the extensive physical they gave him after he was rescued that the doctor had stared down at his paperwork with a grimace on her face, eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

Katsuki had thought something was wrong.

That the League of Villains had done something to him while he was out of it.

Instead, she turned to him and handed him his physical with his secondary gender on the bottom, his inner soul in red ink beneath all the other data.

“I’m sorry,” she told him.

Katsuki had read the paperwork in confusion.

He expected Alpha. It was the obvious thing. Both his parents were, after all, even his mousy father was a beast to be reckoned with in his own element on the Fashion scene. The details of his diagnosis were written in small script and Katsuki had tucked it away feeling confused.

Not necessarily devastated or anything.

Being omega didn’t change anything for him.

He had always been omega. It wasn’t like he was going to suddenly develop tentacles or start weeping because his glands had finally shown up. He was still Katsuki fucking Bakugou. Suggesting that he was any different was fucking disrespectful. As disrespectful as the people who’d booed him for going hard on a girl like fucking gender mattered at fuckin’ all.

What was he supposed to do to a Villain? Go, oh, I see you have long hair and boobs, you must be handled with care? Why, yes, I see you have wider hips, guess that means I can take you out with one blow?

How fucking stupid were these people?

To him it had been a mild inconvenience.

It’s not like he cared to form a pack. Kirishima was his friend, sure, but pack? Fuck that shit. Even when he’d thought he was Alpha Katsuki had planned on going solo. Packs slowed you down. This would just be a different kind of inconvenience.

He'd still stick to his guns.

Queen Omega gives him a few pamphlets before he leaves. It's nothing he doesn't have memorized. The seven stages of Sub-Drop. How to recover and how to ensure it never happens again.

"Give this to your pack as a reminder of what you are," Queen tells him sternly. "If this happens again, I will report them for pack mate abuse."

Katsuki hums at the threat. They're more detailed than the ones he was given by the doctors at his check-ups. He reads through them with a sort of half interested air.

## The 7 Signs of Sub-Drop

- A deep chill in the body that can't be gotten rid of despite how warm the room might be. If a chill persists for more than twelve hours an omega should seek out a local clinic just to be on the safe side.
- Fatigue: The hardest to discern and easiest to misdiagnose. If one is in danger of sub-drop fatigue is the symptom to be most wary of as it might cause an omega to seek out a nest instead of medical attention. The best way to discern the dangers of sub-drop fatigue is if it is present with a constant chill, the first signs that the body is beginning to feel rejection from a pack.
- Gland Pain: This is the easiest symptom to diagnose and if an omega experience a steady ache in the glands, they should seek medical care immediately as the longer the pain is allowed to persist the longer the recovery time, depriving an omega of the ability to scent and be scented fully, which could lead to a cycle of relapse difficult to remove oneself from.
- Gland closure: often associated with a feeling of dissociation in the omega affected. An out of body experience as the secondary gender senses are denied to the

- person experiencing it. Redness. Swelling. Discoloration.
- Frost: The symptom where the omega feels frozen to the core, limbs do not react as well, numb in spots. Can be extremely dangerous especially since the circumstances that bring upon sub-drop often means the omega does not have anyone to reach out to during this time if they are in need of physical assistance to get medical attention.
  - Ache in the entire body ranging from mild to debilitating.
  - Sub-Drop: The final stage is a loss of consciousness. Omega's have been known to pass away in this manner from either starvation or dehydration. It is difficult for even a bonded mate to bring an omega out of sub-drop though there have been few cases where it has failed altogether.
    - Omega's can come out of sub-drop on their own but it could be anywhere between two days to two weeks before they do naturally. Seek medical attention before this happens.
    - The stress on the body from a sub-drop will mean the omega will suffer nutritional deficiencies when they come out of sub-drop.

Less bland than the normally over feminized versions. More information. Better quality. Yaoyorozu really knows her stuff. This clinic was leagues above anything he'd ever encountered. Not that Katsuki had ever doubted her, but she did tend to go for the posher things that were a bit out of most of their pack's money range. Her zealous insistence that she cover any expenses the pack needed left many of their less well-off members appreciative but ashamed.

Not a great combo.

The bag hitting his hip was just as useful. Medicine for his glands to keep down the swelling and redness to keep it from closing fully. That would be a bitch to explain to the office or All Might forbid, fucking Deku. He wrapped the warming scarf further around his neck to hide the bruises there left from the mild infection.

He'll wear his winter Pro-hero suit. It's a little early in the season, but chilly enough no one will bat an eye. He'd updated it last year to protect his glands after he suffered frostbite on his toes, fingertips, and glands. Hurt like a bitch and was an experience he definitely did not want to repeat.

Still... the idea of handing this to his pack mates make him grit his teeth in distaste. They were allowed to be mad at him. They'd just... if he could have just had his markers then it wouldn't have been too bad.

The deep ache in his bones is still there.

Almost like its leering up at him with a threat of relapse. He misses them. The the idea of what if they hadn't forgotten sits in the back of his mind too. It feels unthinkable that they'd do those things to him if they hadn't. It's hard to imagine all three of them forgetting though. Katsuki doesn't mention it, but he'd meticulously gone over his needs in their last year of high school at UA. Katsuki needs markers every week he goes to them for. He needs to feel needed. Feels fulfilled making sure they have what they need each week. It's not like these are things he only needs every once in a while. Easy to file away and forget.

It makes his skin itch just thinking about it.

Katsuki had literally gone to them this week for his markers. The physical reminder of what he was and what he needed.

The bag in his hand tightens in his grip.

The first time Katsuki ever sub-dropped was hours after his mom had seen the paperwork the doctors gave him and then, with face pinched in fury, handed it over to his dad whose mouth thinned out.

The screaming match had lasted for hours.

Hours of being told that Katsuki had ruined everything. Hours of being told they refused to ever be seen out in public with him again. Hours of demands for Katsuki to drop the Bakugou name when he turned eighteen. To which he'd told them to fuck off. They told him he no longer had a right to it. He told them that they'd have to suck it up.

Hours of being told that he was unlovable and that he'd never find a mate or a pack because who would want such an unnatural omega? To which... Katsuki hadn't been able to respond.



His father's quiet explanation afterwards that it wasn't *just* that Katsuki was an omega, which was already unforgivable to them, but because Katsuki was a male omega who appeared Alpha. They could have worked with an omega child.

It wouldn't have been what they planned, but they could have worked with it.

It was the fact that there was **clearly** something wrong with Katsuki. A rogue Alpha they could tolerate, but a **broken** omega? Katsuki wouldn't make it as a Pro-Hero and his reputation meant he'd destroyed most other opportunities.

He was something they couldn't fix.

He was sixteen at the time. Fresh from being kidnapped. Told by Villains he'd be perfect for them. Fresh from ending All Might's career with his existence.

Fresh from having his family utterly reject him.

Fresh from his parents telling him that he would need to be gone by the end of the summer. It didn't matter where, but he needed to be gone. He was no longer part of their family. He was not pack.

Katsuki had slipped seamlessly into sub-drop, staring off at the far wall even as he heard his parents speaking in angry tones downstairs. His entire body numb with a deep seeded cold that had wracked him with shivers and pain as he found himself tilting to the side.

He hadn't fought his eyes closing or the darkness as it engulfed him.

Three days.

He woke to every inch of him feeling as if it had been scraped clean of his flesh. Each breath a struggle to get air in. Katsuki gave a garbled scream as he felt something ripped from his neck.

Mitsuki Bakugou stood above him, a needle in one hand as she stepped back. Anger in her eyes.

"*This* is why Omega's are useless pathetic things," his mom hissed down at him. "One petty conversation and you're on death's door? What good is your kind? It's no wonder you've always been so difficult to love."

Katsuki felt his chin grabbed, staring up at his mom with blank eyes as she shook him.

“Once the police stop monitoring this house, you’re gone. Then you can kill yourself.”

She dropped the needle in the trash.

...a water bottle on the bed.

“Don’t make me come in here again”

And a threat at the door.

# Chapter 3: Nothing

## Chapter Summary

The Bakugou's attempt legal actions. Good thing Katsuki's pack is the War pack.

## Chapter Notes

In all fairness. I posted this one on the fourth so I did NOT miss a day. Archives decided that since it was past 11:30 pm though that I was not allowed to CLAIM it's the 4th. The business is probably in another time zone. lol.

Weekends will always be weird posting days because I have two 11 hour shifts from 6am-5pm on Saturdays and Sundays and am the only Manager on duty every weekend which means I often end up staying later for any issues that arise so even though I will still post every day on those days, I'm gonna be throwing up chapters that need zero editing and have been finished long before I'm hitting submit. And like today, I might buy dinner on my way home, fall asleep on the couch while attempting to eat and wake up because my Cat is screaming at me for attention only to realize there's only 30 minutes left in the day. +\_-

## Chapter 3: Nothing

The needle Mitsuki Bakugou had shoved into his glands that night was an illegal substance known as the O-Citat Drug. It could drag any Omega out of a Sub-Drop but the consequences were devastating. For one, it damaged reproductive organs to the point the omega was infertile for life after two shots.

She and Masaru Bakugou gave him four over the course of the next seven days.

The illegal substance was known fittingly as the 'Unloved Serum' and was known to cause tumors in the reproduction organs, intestines, and stomach lining. Katsuki had been forced to have two removed while he was in school, the emergency clinic he'd visited outside of his

school district giving him knowing looks but thankfully keeping their opinions to themselves on both visits.

Katsuki had worked hard to hide the abdominal pain while living at the dorms. It had taken two years to heal and still occasionally caused Katsuki aches that left him shaking. Infrequent, but enough that Kirishima had wanted to take him to the hospital the last time it happened.

Kirishima had tried to get him to send a Christmas card to his parents last year and when Katsuki had refused, he'd gently prodded at why.

"Just because Todoroki is stupid enough to give his piece of shit father a second chance, doesn't mean I am," Katsuki grunted, burning the card that already had his parents name written inside by Kirishima.

Rather than being angry at him, Kirishima had given him sad puppy eyes.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"Hell no."

"I'm always here, if you change your mind about that. If you want to send a 'fuck you' card too, well, I'll sign that for you too. I just hate that you don't seem to have..."

Kirishima had stopped, giving him a pained look.

"I've got you," Katsuki had told him. "And I have our idiots too. I have lots of people."

"Yeah, but... before..."

"Deku's always been there."

Silence met his words.

Because Katsuki had never allowed Deku *to be there*. Even though their relationship could be described as brothers now, well, it certainly couldn't have been said when they were younger. His parents had been... not stellar, but more in his life before they realized what his secondary gender was.

Katsuki waved dismissively.

"Now, where's your moms' card so I can sign that shit."

Katsuki tries to sneak into the apartment building on his way back from the clinic. He has medicine and warming pads tucked into a bag and a long list of grievances against the side effects of Queen's particular pain numbing quirk. Happy Pills was a ridiculous name for an ability and reminded him unpleasantly of a certain goofy faced, wannabe seventies artist Deku still followed on social media who'd gone by Mr. Smiley in his Villain days. Fucking ludicrous weird, shitty quirks.

Instead of the empty halls that should reign supreme at one o'clock in the morning, Eijiro Kirishima stands leaning against his door, staring at seemingly nothing. Katsuki clutches at his bag as he walks closer, not wanting to show the other even a hint of what had transpired.

That Katsuki Bakugou couldn't even last a full fortnight without the man before sub-dropping. He hadn't even toed the line like many omega did after a bad break up, something that the community was bitter about- that while an Alpha or Beta could prance around in their depression perfectly fine, an omega needed to be fucking taken care of or death might follow.

Absolute fucking bullshit.

And Katsuki had dived off the cliff straight into the deep end.

Like some pansy fucking piece of shit incapable of taking care of themselves.

He was almost on top of the other before Kirishima noticed him. The other looking him up and down hurriedly and seemingly noticing how much Katsuki lacked in what he found.

"Awe, Kat," the young man whispered.

He was engulfed in large arms in seconds.

"You really scared me, you know?" Kiri sniffled against his neck. "I get the extra working, you like to distract yourself when your upset, but... Kat you can't do that to me. Six days they wouldn't tell me where you were or what your condition was. The last time you were hospitalized for that long..."

There's a shuddering hiccup as Kirishima squeezes him harder.

He hates that he leans into the touch.

It steadies and warms him in a way the warming pads had nothing on. It heals cracks he hadn't even realized were tearing into his soul. He *belongs* here. In this space. Large hands cup his cheeks and force his face up.

"What happened?" It's more a demand than a question.

Katsuki sucks in a breath and shakes his head, butting his forehead against Kirishima's chest.

"Please," the redhead whispers, "don't push me away. It's not like you to get hurt in the field or hide injuries. You're better than that. You've come so far. You know to ask for help when you need it. How many times have you yelled at Midoriya for that shit?"

Katsuki only pauses for a brief moment, gathering his thoughts.

"Some quirk got my glands real good," Katsuki lies, mildly, trying to go for casual, but his eyes slide away, refusing to meet the others head on. They'll see the bandages around his neck sooner rather than later anyways. Better to be able to control the narrative. If he'd taken the mark, Kirishima would know he was lying. There's no bond though and Katsuki is taking full advantage of that. "The gunk hardened and caused a really nasty infection."

He pulls down the scarf for emphasis, the bandages already red and pus peaking out. He'd just cleaned them before leaving which means taking care of these fuckers was gonna be a bitch and a half if they were this infected.

"Went to a clinic as soon as I felt it harden," Katsuki tells him. "I wasn't neglecting shit, I promise."

The words feel stale, but the teary-eyed look Kiri sends him as he nods and shuffles Katsuki inside as easily as a cat bats a mouse tells him that the other had taken his words at face value.

"Let's take care of that then," Kirishima pulls him into the living room and sniffing the air, looks at his own chair in confusion. Those red eyes look at the abhorrent red abomination that sits in his living room and a frown covers his face.

“Kat...” Kirishima walks him towards the red chair and its immensely comforting as he finds himself curling into the ugly ass fabric. “Why does my chair smell like a nest?”

He hadn’t prepared an answer for that one.

Katsuki shrugs, the instinct to let his glands rest on the arm of the chair only overwhelmed by the intense pain that sits there.

“Katsuki, were you using my chair to sooth yourself?” The tears are no longer relieved things, but devastated ones. “I’m right down the hall, Kat.”

*‘Why are you crying?’* Katsuki wants to demand. *‘You broke up with me.’*

That thought was unfair.

Katsuki knew it was for the best. He *knew* that. He’d just been far too cowardly to do it himself. He loved Kirishima. He didn’t want Kirishima to leave. All those stupid fucking love songs about if you love someone you let them go. Fucking stupid, moralistic, dumbasses.

He hates them.

He wanted to hold on tight until there was nothing left but ashes in his hands.

In saying that though...

Katsuki wasn’t selfish enough to fight it when Kirishima had told him that they needed to break up. At his continued silence, Kiri sighs, voice heavy and resigned.

Large fingers began tugging gently at the bandages, hissing as chunks of skin and pus came with it.

“Fuck, they really got you, huh? And you were released when its still this bad?” Kirishima murmurs to himself. Glands were sensitive, but Kirishima always moved so painfully slow that Katsuki usually ended up snapping at him that pain was fine if he’d just hurry up.

He didn’t this time.

He let the other work at his own pace, soaking up the care the Alpha was pouring into the work, unintentionally doing more healing through his words and actions than even changing his bandages did. He leaned into the touch, eliciting another frown from Kirishima.

“Eight days is a long time to be separated from your pack,” Kirishima mutters darkly. “What were they thinking?”

Katsuki hums, doesn’t correct him to say that its been longer than that.

Kiri obviously doesn’t know that the others have been refusing to be near him. He doesn’t explain that the clinic suspected pack abuse.

There’s a part of him that wants to talk about how Mina hadn’t shown up for their usual meet up. How Hanta had been avoiding him in the halls at their hero agency. How Denki had denied him a marker. He wants to sob into Kiri’s chest and talk about how much it hurt.

And how he wonders even now if they’d forgotten his second gender or...

Or if they’d knowingly done it to him.

After his neck has been thoroughly cleaned and rebandaged, he finds himself being pulled against a large chest. Katsuki soaks it in. A balm on his soul. Guilt wars with him in the back of his head, but... but he *needs this contact*. Desperately, fervently needed the physical contact after so long without.

“I’m sorry, Kiri,” Katsuki whispers.

He’s not entirely sure for what exactly.

Causing the break up.

Rejecting the claim twice.

Not explaining things earlier so they weren’t in this situation to begin with.

Being honest about being a broken omega who couldn’t have sex or- if they ever did manage that, not being able to have pups.

Being an omega in the first place- something Kiri had never out right said he hated but left enough comments about how manly Katsuki was to think that there was some resentment about it. Katsuki wasn’t sure if Kiri *wanted* an Alpha partner or was simply disappointed that Katsuki wasn’t as omega as he should be. He’d never quite been brave enough to demand an answer to that even during the few arguments they’d gotten into over the years.



Not after his parent's reaction.

Maybe he was apologizing for all of it.

Kirishima pulls him in closer, hugging him tightly to his chest.

“Not everyone is meant to be romantic partners,” Kirishima tells him, though there’s a deep hurt in his voice that stabs at Katsuki. “Just give me some time, okay? You’re still my best friend in the whole world. Got it?”

Katsuki curls into him, hating himself just a little bit more at those words.

He nods his head, because what the fuck else is he supposed to do?

‘I still want you to live here?’

Selfish.

Kirishima had a right to find someone who would love him all the way.

‘I still want to cuddle with you and spend all day with you? Every day?’

Selfish.

Fucking selfish.

‘But no romance or touching or anything that resembles intimacy.’

Selfish piece of shit.

‘I love you.’

“Got it,” Katsuki whispers back instead.

Katsuki hadn’t dropped the name Bakugou after he turned 18. He received six letters from the Blaze Design Industry demanding he make the change, but never any direct contact from either of his parents.

Each time Katsuki had painted his hand in the gaudiest shit he could

get his hands on, taken a picture of his middle finger, and then printed that shit on the back of the stiff legal paperwork to send back to them.

Katsuki's middle fucking name was spiteful and he'd make sure everyone knew it.

Everyone but his pack, that is.

The secret battle he had with his parents was discreet, if not tame.

"Let's not be difficult about this, Katsuki," his mother's lawyer whispered to him at one of the bigger hero galas this past fall. "The Bakugou's want a clean break. Doesn't that sound nice? For all of you. They're even willing to pay you to drop the name. Set you up with a nice separation bonus too."

Katsuki had never met Mr. Namageto before all this nonsense went down.

Heard a lot about him though.

A few inquiries here and there with a few favors...

"I wonder if the Hag knows about your last client," he'd murmured just as quietly across the table. "She's so impressed by your resume of wins in court, but I doubt she knows about the last one."

The man's smile had slid off his face.

"Be reasonable," Namageto hissed. "It's just a name. You can even create anything that fits you now. Something that's more... appropriate for you. Start your own family legacy. I don't see why you're so determined to fight this!"

"Family legacy?" Katsuki said, voice deadly as he stared the man down. "Is that a joke?"

The man went silent.

He *knew* what his parents had done.

"You're lucky I haven't dragged them to court for destroying a huge chunk of my body, for causing all the god damn tumors, for nearly murdering me."

The man scoffed.

“The Bakugou’s caused nothing. It is well within their rights to disown a nearly adult child.”

“They didn’t bother to call an ambulance,” Katsuki cut in, ticking things off on his fingers. “Even though there were literal officers of the law patrolling our streets to ensure I wouldn’t suffer another kidnapping attempt at the time, they made no move to send for help. Instead, they mutilated my body to keep others from knowing my secondary gender. Every court in Japan would find them liable for attempted murder and child abuse.”

“But not every judge.” Namageto threw back. “And certainly not every jury. You forget it’s not the laws you need convince of a crime, but the people who enforce it.”

It hadn’t been even a quarter of a century since Omega’s were allowed to be Pro-heroes.

Katsuki knows adults who talk about when secondary gender tests were mandatory in order to get into Hero schools. A lot of people still think that was the way to go. It was only 40 years ago that people were forced to have their secondary gender on their work paperwork. And a lot of people refrained from hiring Omegas.

“Still,” Katsuki said, voice icy. “It wouldn’t look good on Blaze Design Studio if the owners went to court for any attempted murder case and it wouldn’t look good for you or them if it came out that you have represented known war criminals like Doctor Garaki.”

“He wasn’t known for anything but goodwill when I took him on,” Namageto threw back.

“Supposedly,” Katsuki baits him. “None of that has to happen though as long as you lot keep away from me.”

“That’s all we’re trying to do, Katsuki.”

“Bakugou.”

The man glowered at him.

“It’s Katsuki Bakugou, that’s the name I was born with when my mom broke her vagina giving birth to me. You know... Mitsuki Bakugou. Famous model, maybe you’ve heard of her?”

The man was silent.

“There’s even a paper floating around with her name on it. Dad’s too. It’s called a birth certificate. Legally binding and all that. They can disown me all they like, but the name is mine and it’s something they can’t take from me.”

Katsuki downed the wine glass he was holding in one gulp and set it down with a clink his mother would hate.

“Now, if you’ll excuse me...”

“We’re not finished here,” Namageto told him, looking like he wanted to seize Katsuki by the arm, but was a touch too smart to pull a move like that. “If you could be civilized for once in your life...”

Katsuki bared his teeth at the man and let a few sparks go off.

“Is there a problem here?”

Shoji towered over both of them, multiple arms folded as he eyed the lawyer warily, his extended limb mouth hovering a touch too close to the lawyer to be considered polite.

Namageto stopped in his tracks, looking Shoji up and down, debating the pros and cons on messing with others in the War Pack.

“Just... business talk with Katsuki here,” Namageto said easily, smiling charmingly at the Pro.

“That’s a very familiar way you’re addressing him for business talk,” Shoji observed, moving to stand beside Katsuki.

The man didn’t miss a beat.

“The conversation required it,” the man said easily before turning back to him. “When you’re done acting like a spoiled child, you know how to contact me.”

Katsuki scoffed.

The lawyer dismissed himself from the gala.

Shoji leveled him with a look.

He shrugged.

“My family’s lawyer,” Katsuki said carefully. “Don’t worry about it.”

Shoji's stare didn't lessen, instead taking on a tenseness in the shoulders.

"And yet..." Shoji said, careful in that deep baritone way of his. Letting the meaning trail off that he inevitably would worry.

The other didn't bother to ask Katsuki to spill. This time or the next time it happened. It became a trend though, Shoji and then Koda lingering nearby any time the War Pack was together for a public event. Katsuki would spot Namagato coming towards him once he was alone and inevitably he'd find the two lingering around. Not interfering, just...

Watching.

It unnerved the lawyer enough that he stopped showing up at these types of events altogether.

After that he'd received a single letter in the mail stating that if the hospital ever calls either Mitsuki or Masaru Bakugou, his parents claimed the legal right to have nothing to do with him and that this was his official notice that they would do nothing if they were asked to make a medical decision concerning him to save his life. That combined with Namagato's threat at one of the first galas that they'd ensure he wouldn't make it through the night if such an event took place and Katsuki understood the danger.

As far as threats go that one had caused him to raise his brows.

As a Pro-Hero, he'd already long ago made sure only his intimate pack could make any medical calls. [Specifically, Yaorozu whose medical know how was the only one he firmly trusted, but in a pinch there were a few others from the pack who knew his wants for this type of shit.] He loved his intimate pack, truly, but if they didn't understand half the medical jargon, he didn't want them making those kinds of decisions.

Deku, of course, was his last primary.

Mostly because his pseudo brother wasn't particularly strong in the 'fast decision making' department. Overanalyzing little shit hadn't managed to kill anyone yet with that bullshit, but it was only a matter of time.

His Files were all explicit though.

No blood pack members were allowed to come within sniffing distance of any medical decisions and certainly not to visit. Every hospital in Japan had those forms on file, Katsuki had made damn sure of that. He'd even changed over his parental figure paperwork to be Best Jeanist and Mirko.

The Bakugou name had no power.

Only association he could use as revenge and pettiness.

The only bigger thing Katsuki could do was come full out across the Media as an Omega. Which he'd considered, heavily, but it also meant Villains would know how to target him better. It was safer for him to let people assume he was Alpha even if causing his biological parent's shame and humiliation would be sweet, sweet, justice.

Still, he'd hoped for a long time he could replace his name with Kiri's. He'd had this plan in his head too. When one of them proposed Katsuki would tell Kiri how much he loved the name Kirishima, that it made him warm inside to take it on as his own, but there was a problem, wasn't there? He couldn't call Kiri, Kirishima if it was both their names.

He'd sigh dramatically.

Then go in for the romantic murder he knows makes the tough, strong Alpha go weak in the knees and squeal like a little girl.

He would be forced to start calling him Eijiro to stop confusion despite how much Katsuki loved the nickname, he'd lament this fact. The click the 'key' sound made as it rolled off his tongue. Katsuki would tell him how he'd dreaded and looked forward to this day and how Ei was softer. More intimate. How it was some weird symbolic bullshit transfer from partners to life partners.

Kirishima would eat that shit up.

And Katsuki would take joy in Kirishima eating that shit up.

Because seeing Kiri happy was more important than anything to him. Even making number one hero.

Now he wonders if he'll be trapped with Bakugou all his life.

If it wouldn't be better to do things the legal way like his parents wanted and just... remove his last name all together. It would be

harder, to correct people when they called him Bakugou and not with a new name... but with nothing.

Katsuki had been feeling more and more like nothing lately though.

So maybe it was fitting.

Katsuki works and goes to events and works some more as the next few days turns into a week and then two. Pack members who normally don't linger begin to draw close. Pushing him to hang out with them. He takes them up on their offers.

It's not the same as going shopping with Mina or having Denki clutch at his side during a horror movie or reading manga with Hanta in the window nook. But it's enough to scrape himself from his bed each morning and get his ass moving.

"Bakugou."

Katsuki turns at the name, seeing Hawks walking towards him; Hatsume's latest version of prosthetic wings on his back in glittering metals. They seem to reflect every face in the crowd around them though the man is as unflappable about that as always.

"I've got your patrol routes for the destroyed districts," the man hands him the vanilla folders and Katsuki hums as he takes them.

"This could have been an email," Katsuki tells him, pulling the chip from the file and shoving it into his phone's slot. "I didn't need a carrier pigeon."

"Then I wouldn't have been able to see my favorite temperamental blonde," Hawks says just as easily. "And I promised Tokoyami I'd bully you into eating dinner with me. He says you're not eating enough."

Katsuki scoffs. A noise that turns into a growl when mechanical wings poke and prod at his side forcing him in the direction of a table of food that's prepped for Heroes going in and out of the Destruction Zone districts.

"I'm not asking for you to go out on a five course meal with me," Hawks teases. "Let's just shove some stuff in our faces and call it a

day, yeah?” the man waves off his complaints as he starts loading a plate up with random things.

Katsuki snatches it from him.

“I don’t eat junk,” he hisses, pointedly putting the fried food back. “My blood pressure is already high enough without adding that shit into my diet.”

“Yes, yes, the pinnacle of health. Tokoyami’s told me. That was my plate though.”

...

“Oh.”



# Chapter 4: War

## Chapter Summary

Despite All For One having been defeated, there's still damage being repaired.

\*Three people have fallen pitifully sick in the last four days. had to cover a lot of shifts.

## Chapter 4: War

There are seven cities still being rebuilt from the war.

Five of them hover around his and Deku's districts and they make a point of dividing patrols for them four times a week. It stretches the two of them thin, but the construction crews and local heroes monitoring the area for frequent attacks are hella appreciative of their efforts. There's a large Villain network that seems to want to keep the cities under their thumb. Crime is rampant and the destruction of new buildings frequent.

Putting whole armies in jail isn't sustainable; especially when so much of it has been caused by unjust social discord in the smaller cities and towns that are harder to monitor. Segregation has popped up again with human passing citizens attempting to create a city for themselves in South Japan. Mutation quirk humans building their own city in the north. Towns disallowing quirk use altogether in the face of All For One's war have spread throughout Japan.

It's a fucking mess.

He's in Sanguis. The summer layering his skin with a useful layer of sweat as he makes his way through all the check points. There was vandalism in one of the construction sites. Spray paint with anti-hero propaganda spread across the front. A few plastic chairs for the crew twisted unrecognizably. Its easy to scatter the hooligans. None of them over fifteen years of age.

Deku would have tried to talk to him, but Katsuki thinks that's a waste of time when people are being murdered by the grown up version of

these brats further into the destroyed city. This isn't the right environment for a talk like that. Not with a hero lording over them with their quirk and making demands of them to be decent shits to society.

Katsuki doesn't question his approach though.

It works for a few of them.

And Deku in turn doesn't push him to talk. He's not great with words and they both know it.

Katsuki focuses on the poor district.

Families living in homes considered demolition worthy because they'd been pushed out of overflowing units with six people squished into a one room apartment despite how fast the housing units have been moving.

Seven cities with populations that had ranged from 545,000 to 1,780,000 in the biggest one. There had been a lot of lost lives during the war, but the overwhelming refugees pouring out from every nook and cranny for months had made society itself almost collapse a dozen times over.

Much to her parent's chagrin, Momo had commissioned a few apartment buildings built on the outside of several cities, eliminating most of her own money to make sure as many people were housed as possible. Iida had helped, but hadn't quite had the equity Momo did. She provided them with supplies as much as her quirk would allow and many of their pack had made it their duty to monitor her to make sure she didn't overdo things.

Safe to say, Momo had been hitting the top ten Pro heroes with him, Deku and Icyhot, often overtaking them for her efforts.

One of Momo's projects was here.

A special one she'd pulled him aside to speak with him about.

"It's a reinforced underground omega apartment complex for omega refugees escaping domestic violence," she told him, pointedly. "We have an Omega Pro-Hero stationed there but I want you to check in every few days to make sure everything's okay. It's just outside of the Sengui district."

Katsuki heard his phone ping.

“Sure, you don’t want someone more...” Katsuki grimaced. “...savvy... in these sorts of things to handle it?”

“You have a certain way with these kind of things that is... shockingly effective,” Momo said, her voice teasing in the politest of ways.

“Besides, our more emotionally intelligent pack mates are prone to not noticing the necessary bits. I need someone I can trust to recognize heat sickness or sub-dropping. I need someone who can administer First Aid and who will have no tolerance for bullshit.”

She blushed at her own language.

Katsuki chuckled under his breath.

“I’m so proud,” he deadpanned.

She hummed.

“Sometimes vulgar words are the best way to get across a meaning. Especially towards certain types. But only sometimes. Most of the time it’s completely unnecessary and distracting from the valid points you are trying to make.”

Her pointed words were lost on Katsuki who was still grinning at her.

She sighed.

“Try to be gentle with them,” Momo urged. “They aren’t like you.”

It was odd to feel both proud and hurt by the same words.

Katsuki calls Pro-Hero Anti-Damsel as he sinks into her quirk. The ground surging up to engulf him is a little too much like a certain Sludge Villain but he forces the shiver down as he falls through the roof and lands gracefully onto a steel hallway. The roof above him hardens once more, hiding its existence from detection as easily as quicksand in a desert.

He hangs up the phone before its even picked up.

She knows the signs once he’s in view of the cameras. A phone call means to bring him down. A text means something is wrong and he needs to handle it first.

He makes his way to the bolted door and it opens. Ani-Damsel stands

there in her normal torn princess dress. Combat boots and armor making it look ridiculous. He gets the point but it's a little... on the nose for his taste. Overcompensating if he's being honest. She's a kick ass hero though so who is he to speak his judgement out loud?

She's due to switch out in another week. They have a three week on six weeks off system going with two other Omega Pro-heroes.

"Any issues?" He asks.

"Cabin fever," she shrugs. "But most of them understand even if they're anxious."

"Section three of Sengui will be within the bounds of the new train line and patrolled district in two weeks," Katsuki informs her. "It's far enough from the destroyed sections that we don't see any issues for reopening. Icyhot and Creati are going to be stationed there until the rest of the city is recovered."

Sections one and two had already been recovered and carefully vetted refugee citizens were being allowed in. This recent group in the Omega complex would be a priority move so that they could start bringing in more of those in need from the destroyed districts.

The War Packs apartment complex was just on the other side of section one. It had been on the edge of the war zone when it was first built.

Katsuki followed her into the common room where a large group of the kids were situated, playing a game of tag. A woman sporting a black eye was watching them, a fond look on her face. She gave a nervous smile their way when he entered.

Most of the Omega's here didn't believe Katsuki's status.

It didn't matter much because he'd rescued most of them and that kept their lips sealed even if they wreaked of feeling uncomfortable around him.

"Any reports?" Katsuki asked.

"LeMillion informed me a few hours ago of a hovel he thinks a group of omegas are hiding in near the shopping district of district 6. His calming pheromones are only being met with hostility though so he's keeping a close eye on the area until you get there."

Katsuki grunted.

Fucking great.

Someone in there had probably died of sub-dropping which sent the whole group into a feral state. He sucked ass at the whole scenting thing. It required you to be super in touch with your emotions and shit.

“How much room do we have here?”

“We’re almost at capacity, but I’m willing to sleep on the couch and I know a few others who are more than okay with doing the same.”

Katsuki hummed.

“Alright. I’ll text you the numbers when I know more. Is that French family okay to move? We have a few vacancies I reserved in district 2 for move in if they’re stable enough. It’s not an omega complex, but it is a family unit.”

Anti-Damsel nodded slowly.

“Their nervous, but still firm that they’re willing to go anywhere if it means seeing sunlight again.”

“Alright. Get them packed up then while I’m away and I’ll hot wire one of the jeeps at that local car dealership. One of the clunkers should still be running at least. I’ll need it for the refugees anyways. LeMillion and I both move a lot faster outside of vehicles so I’m sure he doesn’t have one either.”

That was a lesson they hadn’t expected to be taught by Aizawa. The man had unwillingly mentioned having vigilante contacts and more than a few of them were delighted by this new side of their criminal parental figure. Vigilante’s had been a shocking development in their support system after so many heroes either died or cowardly hid away in disgrace upon realizing they couldn’t handle shit.

Katsuki had to trudge through a dozen large vehicles before he finally found a van fit for kidnapping small children from their school zones with puppies and candy. White with no windows. A sure fire way to reassure the omegas he was about to rescue them rather than drop them into a human trafficking ring or worse.

He sighed heavily.

None of the other large vehicles were working though.

Katsuki began making his way through a debris filled road. He had to blow up more than one part of a building to get through. A few Villains made the mistake to try to attack him while he travelled but fuck if the look of realization on their faces wasn't so god damn satisfying right before he blew them to kingdom come.

It was hilarious that some of these attacks were supposed to be ambushes. Mineta might have fallen for them. So he supposes there was that. As he approached, he caught the familiar sight of the ridiculous billowing red cape LeMillion always wore. For a man who was forced to use his own hair for his heroes costume, you think the bastard would have splurge the extra hair on training trunks rather than capes.

Since when was anyone at UA practical though.

No, no, running around in the nude was the better way to go.

Fucking Mirio.

Fucking Kirishima.

Fucking Hagakure.

These were active choices these people were making. Exposing themselves like they didn't periodically have sharp things heading their way. At least Kirishima WAS a sharp thing. Mirio and Hagakure had no excuses for that stupidity though.

The Beta waved at him the moment he caught sight of Katsuki, a slight frown on his face as he eyed him.

"It's a group of hurt omegas," LeMillion whispered. As if the civilians could hear them from way the fuck over there. "Thanks for bringing the van! But uh... is there other help coming?"

Katsuki scoffed at him.

"I am your help."

LeMillion faltered, eyes widening for the briefest of moments, before a huge grin slid on his face.

"Oh! You're always so surprising DynaMight!"

He rolled his eyes this time.

At least he didn't have to spell it out for the guy. Fuck, he'd met some dumb people over the last few years.

Katsuki walked forward towards the dangerously leaning boutique. Here was the part where Katsuki was supposed to exude comfort. The omega scent was supposed to be this weird flowery smell that told everyone who was around that this person was here to take care of them. A motherly type of comfort.

Katsuki's had always been overwhelmed by the nitroglycerin.

The sweet caramel stifling everything else to the point where many believed the nitro was his natural scent. The explosive had enough of an acidity to it that it accidentally convinced people it was Alpha pheromones. The sweeter and the harder he worked, the more powerful the scent, making it an overwhelming presence.

It was only right after a shower, when his skin was still damp and hair dripping with water instead of dangerous chemicals, that his natural scent came out. Kirishima claimed he smelled of freshly mowed grass and early morning dew. Bright and unexpected.

The redhead was the only person who was familiar with that scent though.

There was only nitro in the air now. Powerful and pungent and a warning of danger and harm to come.

But Katsuki had something that was more powerful than the scent of comfort. Walking through the broken-in doors, Katsuki signaled for LeMillion to move back and away from the surrounding area.

No way was he letting this get back to Deku.

He'd have to be really fucking careful not to send himself into sub-drop though...

The words of one of the Doctors comes to mind.

*"You're unnatural," the man told him. "It's no wonder your body is rejecting sex. You're not meant to exist. You shouldn't exist. It's good you're infertile..."*

Katsuki lets the words sink into his skin again. Let's the thing bury its

teeth in him. He'd ripped open the wound of asking others for help when he went to the doctors in the first place. He'd been honest with them.

The doctor had gotten a broken nose, but he'd left significantly more insecure. He lets that hurt fester. Let's the smell begin to bleed from his still healing glands. He steps deeper into the store, passing broken manikins watching him with passive, twisted faces. Half burned, half trampled in the wake of war.

He takes it a step further.

*"This is why Omega's are useless pathetic things," his mom hissed down at him. "One petty conversation and you're on death's door? What good is your kind? It's no wonder you've always been so difficult to love."*

Words that replay in his head to this day.

Katsuki had carried those sentiments with him into his new pack. Tucking them away in habits he struggled to explain. Like how he couldn't quite say what he was out loud. How he would imply it, always, when directly confronted with it. How so many of his habits were murmured by others in correlation of his pride and Katsuki *let them* take those notions as truth.

The scent permeated the room as he walked over an abandoned medical kit. The insides scraped clean of anything useful. He could hear them. They were tucked under furniture and hidden in the nooks of the shop. Waiting for Katsuki to move on. To leave them or hunt them. He forces his mind to go deeper. To bring up more pain to bring to the surface.

To show them he's not a threat to them.

A small, round face peaked out at him from a dark corner. Hands grab them, pull them further into the building.

Katsuki took a deep breath.

He pictured Kirishima. They'd been rough housing in the living room. Fresh from a patrol that hadn't been very satisfying. They'd debated going to the gym before heading home, but on this night, Kiri had held his hand and pulled him towards home, a playful smirk on his lips.

Katsuki had followed.



Arguing about what they should do for dinner. Eat out. Take out. Or if Katsuki should cook something in the kitchen.

“Let me do something for you.”

“You can’t cook. You’d poison us.”

“No! No,” Kirishima had laughed. “I’ll order your favorite though. From that place you love.”

“That place I love. The one we pass by every day coming home. The one you can never remember the name of?”

“Google is free. I always remember it when I see it!”

Katsuki had thrown a towel at him.

Kirishima had thrown his shark.

It was on.

On until it very much wasn’t.

Katsuki had pinned him to the floor, knees on either side of the Alpha, hands on his shoulders and a victorious grin on his face when Kirishima had cupped both his cheeks and brought Katsuki downwards into a deep kiss.

He hadn’t been prepared for it.

Katsuki had tensed, gagging against the other’s mouth.

Kirishima had stiffened and pulled away. Got off of him slowly before standing up with a frighteningly blank look on his face.

“Sorry,” Kirishima had whispered.

Katsuki spent the night apologizing. Trying to wipe that look of devastation off of Kirishima’s face. The hurt and regret and *pain* in the other’s eyes as Kiri quietly told him that there was nothing Katsuki had to apologize for.

And then the morning after.

*“Katsuki... you’re my best friend in the whole world. I’m in love with you. Every time I look at you, I want to ravish you and love you and... and I don’t think you feel the same way for me. No! No, Katsuki... I know you...”*

*I know you love me, I just don't think you love me that way and that's fine! I promise you I'm fine with that, but... I don't want you to spend your whole life pretending to make me happy!"*

Katsuki feels the line of subspace approaching.

His own devastation as he's rejected by the one person he thought never would. He pictures the tears running down Kirishima's face. The ache that settles in his chest as his glands open up to fill the room with the scent of 'hurt omega.'

He should *never* have dated Kirishima in the first place.

He should have known better.

That all he'd do in the end was hurt the other.

Bodies walk out of the darkness. A woman and a man, clutching onto others as they approach him cautiously. They *look* omega. So unlike him. All on the small side. Roundish figures. Kind faces. A similar, more desperate scent fills the air the closer they get.

The woman eyes him warily.

Katsuki takes a deep breath and with a great deal of control, he forces the faces of Kirishima and his mother and the doctor away. Forces the words and actions out of his head so that he can steady himself. Like he'd practiced a thousand times in the safety of his own room. To viciously reign in his omega on a tight leash.

It whimpers.

But it also obeys him.

Tucking itself into a dark corner to be catered to later in the safety and loneliness of his own apartment.

"I've got a safe house for omegas," Katsuki tells them bluntly. "It's isolated from any Alpha nonsense so you can recover before being reintroduced into one of the safe zones. It's not cozy but its secure. I'll get you there safe and when your ready to get the hell out of dodge I'll be there for that too. Meet me outside at the van if you want. The Beta outside's too cheerful on a good day, but he means well."

Katsuki turns on his heels and leaves.

LeMillion gives him a nervous look when he comes out alone.

Probably expected some picturesque moment where he had five kids wrapped protective in his arms with the billowing of ash and smoke in his wake like the god damn pictures they made Deku pose for. Uravity had been given a similar treatment. A building floating in the air behind her as she single handedly pulled people from the rubble.

Katsuki had declined that bullshit.

He wasn't for the propaganda.

He leaned against the van, watching LeMillion stare into the void of the boutique in an anxious manner, looking like he wanted to spring in to the precarious, but still standing building.

"Stop it, you're gonna make them regret coming out," Katsuki told him.

"So, they are coming?" LeMillion whispered.

"Don't know. They got to make up their own damn minds. Hopefully soon cause the support beam in the back wasn't lookin' so hot."

"What?!"

The woman came out first. On her own. Testing the waters, no doubt to see if this was a trap. Katsuki nodded to her. *'Yes, now all you have to do is get in my kidnapping van.'* She eyed it up, tense, shoulders hunched in.

"We don't trust heroes," she told them both.

LeMillion blanched.

"That's unfortunate," Katsuki said evenly. "Cause there ain't fuck all that can help you if we don't. I won't twist your arm though. There's a decent looking phone shop half a mile east that looks like it won't fall in on itself and crush you. I suggest you head their if you aren't coming."

"DynaMight!" LeMillion said, pained. The much taller blonde turned to the woman. "Look, I know we failed to stop the collapse but we're working to rebuild, to make things better."

Katsuki got in his van and started up the engine, lowering the window to shout at LeMillion.

"Don't make people do what you think is best, Dipshit!" Katsuki

shouted. "If they ain't convinced by now that we're trying to help then your pretty little speech ain't gonna do squat!"

LeMillion looked pained.

"But..."

"We'll come!" The woman shouted.

Hook. Line. Sinker.

Katsuki hiked his thumb towards the back, tilting his head to indicate they could pack their own asses into the van. The woman nodded, hurrying back inside. LeMillion gave him a thunderous look to which he held his fingers up in victory. The tall Beta only looked more surely.

As they marched out of the boutique he was taken off guard by the amount of stuff the group carried with them. Usually, Refugees had a bag or two with them. The 20 or so boxes though...

"I worked at a museum," a man said as he approached Katsuki. "I was left behind during the initial evacuation because I wanted to try to get these artifacts moved. I've been moving these pieces from vault to vault ever since. Picking up stray refugees and abandoned kids here and there along the way." The man nodded to the woman who'd taken charge earlier. "Naja's the warrior though. Been protecting all of us and helping us to avoid the Villains. We actually had a much larger and varied group before..." He swallowed, going silent. "Well, that doesn't matter, I guess."

"Not sure all this useless crap is gonna fit in the van," Katsuki muttered.

The man sputtered.

"I can't... I won't..."

"Calm your tits," Katsuki levelled him with a look. "I'll have this shit evacuated to a safe location."

He hit his radio. It angrily hissed up at him, before going steady as he moved it to support freaks frequency.

"Hatsume," he called.

"Hm?"

“Got old junk for you to pick up for some decrepit fossil worshiper with your new junk.”

“Decrepit...” The man muttered.

“OohhhhhhHhhhhh, your finally appreciating my babies then.”

“Sending you the coordinates now,” Katsuki said, not taking the bait she was trying to lure him in with. She was a special brand of dramatic Katsuki didn’t want to deal with at the moment.

“My bot can be there in twenty minutes.”

“The one with the cushions inside,” Katsuki reminds her. He didn’t need museum shit bumping around because Hatsume wanted to test out her newest, newest version out in the field.

“Twenty-five then.”

“Over and out.”

The curious refugees quietly shoveled into the van though it was clear they were hanging on to every word.

“I’d like to stay with the artifacts,” the curator said softly. “I’ve spent years keeping them safe at this point. What’s a few more hours?”

He was begging his point.

Katsuki shrugged.

“I ain’t takin’ the last leg of your journey from you. I’ve dropped the pin. Just don’t go back into that building. It’s one tossed rock away from falling in on itself.”

“I’ll stay with him until the delivery plane comes before heading towards the next patrol point,” LeMillion told him.

Katsuki hummed, eyeing the skies contemplatively.

“You should go with him on the plane. Our reports say there’s no Villains or hostile civilians in this area and you’ve already been out here for five hours doing these patrols. You’re due back tonight. Send me the coordinates for the next patrol point and I’ll handle it as soon as we get these extras settled in.”

“Will do.”

There was a quiet murmur in the group. Katsuki ignored it as he double checked that there was nothing wrong with the engine and that his hot wire job was still holding up. It was as he was getting into the drivers seat that he heard the bewildered words of the curator speaking with LeMillion.

“...urprising it all.”

“DynaMight is our main strategist across all three central Agencies that work the destroyed districts. He may be young, but- ”

“It’s not his youth that makes it surprising.” The curator cut in. “It’s just... its unusual for a known omega to be giving orders like that. It means you younger heroes just might be going in a direction that’s much more positive than before.”

“First or Secondary genders has no affect on how well a person does at their job,” LeMillion said firmly.

“Don’t know about that. You certainly weren’t able to get us out of that building.”

Katsuki snorted, covering his mouth with his hand as he swung up into his kidnapping van, glancing at LeMillion’s sputtering face.

“Still, his means was...” the curator met his eyes, voice almost too soft for him to hear. “Worrisome.”

“How so?” LeMillion asked.

Katsuki very slowly sliced his throat with his middle finger.

The curator swallowed hard, looking down at the ground instead of LeMillion.

“He just... demonstrated a skill that takes many, many years to master and not under the best circumstances. It was... very impressive.”

LeMillion hummed, still looking confused.

Katsuki slammed the door of the van and put the thing in reverse back towards the omega safe house. It was harder to concentrate on making sure they weren’t being followed. The curator’s words popping off in his skull in a wholly bothersome way.

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